

Slime dries.
In this web of amber I walk
from ear to ear
on a bridge that knows me.

-- Barbara Holland

The Trade

In England
where the Beatles came from
Poetry is going big guns
Even coming here to America
from where we sent Elvis
around the globe
showing we had something besides bombs.

-- George Montgomery

Mumbo-Jumbo

the shadows of discontent nightmare dreams
mind being somewhere other than where it is now
your face a mere covering for what it is not
there wading on the beach off the coast of Fiji
philosophy bouncing metaphysical souls
too beautiful for poetry or endless discussion
who is being spoken to from what consciousness
reception as diverse as facial lines
pale, white mellow brown complexion
no one knows who anyone ever is anymore
ever my love irrational poetics politics
flitting zap directions telephone lines
railroad ties intermingling criss crossings
botched circuses of intelligence communicating
to what is no longer there finding what
was once opposite attraction embracing
bracing what is neither sunlight nor shadow
a flickering candle emanating through mortar
bricks, lead wood paper light years arriving
when certainty is poof eyes sufficient
for light already blind listening to voices